NEW YORK, March 31 .- A dispatch was received last night by Mr. Gould from Mr. Hoxie saying that he is willing to submit the strike to arbitration and to consult with a committee representing actual employes and adjudicate with them any grievances they may have. The executive committee of the Knights of Labor will start for St. Louis to-morrow, except Mr. Powderly who will return to his home in Scranton.

The Correspondence in Full. NEW YORK, March 31 .- The following is the correspondence in full.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1886. H. M. HOXIK, VICE-PRESIDENT, ST. LOUIS: Will you meet with the general executive board of the Knights of Labor or with a committee of your employes who are Knights of Labor for the pur-pose of hearing what their complaints were, and for the purpose of making a settlement of present difficulties alike honorable to both sides, either on a basis of arb tration or by mutual agreement, the same to be binding on all parties.

[Signed] A. L. HOPKINS.

Later in the day the following was received by Mr. Gould, and a copy of it was transmitted to Mr. Powderly:

was transmitted to Mr. Powderly:

St. Louis, Mo., March 30, 1886.

To A. L. Hopkins, New York: Replying to your inquiry for Mr. Powderly of this date, I will say that yesterday I received from Mr. Gould's instructions to Mr. Hoxie are quoted], to which I sent the following:

St. Louis, March 29.

To Jay Gould, Esq. New York: I have your message in relation to your interview with Mr. Powderly, also the letter of instructions, and I will carry them out to the best of my ability.

the best of my ability. [Signed] H. M. HOXIE. I am, therefore, willing to meet a committee of our employes, without discrimination, who are actually at work in the service

ances they may have. H. M. HOXIE. After having read Mr. Hoxie's dispatch, Mr. Powderly caused the following to be sent:

of the company at the time such committee is appointed, to adjust with them any griev

NEW YORK, March 30.

To Martin Irons, St. Louis:

DEAR SIR—Have been in conference all day, with the result that Vice-President Hoxle agrees to the following: [Repeating Hoxle's telegram.] Have your executive committee order the men to return to work, and also select a special committee from the employes of the Missouri Pacific to wait on Mr. Hoxle to adjust any grievances. Do this as quickly as possible. The board will leave for St Louis to-morrow.

[Signed] FREDERICK TURNER,

General Secretary and Treasurer. NEW YORK, March 30.

General Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Powderly left at once for Scranton. Messrs. Turner, Hayes and Bailey will go to St. Louis at once. Mr. Barry may not be able to go. Mr. Dillon started from Boston for New York last night. It is understood that Mr. Gould wishes to consult him on the O'Neil labor bill. Mr. Turner was asked last night if he thought Mr. Hoxie and Mr. Gould were sincere. He replied:

"We have no means of judging except by what has been said and done to-day. We accept their assurances in good faith and will use every effort on our part to settle the trouble honestly and effectually.

SWEPT BY FIRE.

A Million Dollars' Worth of Business Church and Residence Property Swept Away by Fire at Key West, Florida .- The

KEY WEST, Fla., March 30 .- Fire started in the San Carlos Theatre at one o'clock this morning, and is still burning. and is beyond the control of the firemen. A fresh wind blowing from the south has caused the fire to spread, and already five blocks in the center of the city have been destroyed. The fire will probably go to the harbor. The Episcopal and Baptist Churches have been destroyed, together with thirty other buildings,

stores and residences. LATER. KEY WEST, Fla., March 31 .- At 1:30 p. m. over fifty houses had burned, including Masonic Hall, three or four -cigar factories and the bonded warebouse, containing nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of tobacco. Officers from the United States steamers Brooklyn and Powhattan blew up some of the houses with powder. The fire worked its way northward, but the track has been so peculiar that it is difficult to foretell the result. Mr. Curry's warehouses have been consumed. The heat was so intense as to drive the firemen back. This, added to the lack of engines and water supply, will probably result in the total destruction of the city.

The buildings of prominence so far consumed are Sawyer's, Babcock's, Gato's, Perry's, Bartt's and Patterson's, and United States Marshal William's, Lester's and Brown's private residences; the San Carlos Theater; the stores of Somerlan & Hayman, dry goods; Otto, drugs; Sariol, dry goods and groceries; Cash, groceries; Bartlum, groceries; brooks, livery stables; the cigar factories of Seidenberg, Delpino, Sarai, Canals and Wols, and the Russell House.

KEY WEST, Fla., March 31 .- The fire was got under control after the destruction of more than a million dollars' worth of property. The insurance is less than one hundred thousand dollars. Among the buildings destroyed were several warehouses containing tobacco and other valuable merchandise.

Anniversary Celebration of the Salvation

Army. CHICAGO, March 30 .- The Salvation Army barracks on Chicago avenue to-day are crowded with religious enthusiasts, who are bent on celebrating in appropriate style the sixth anniversary of the formation of the western division. The celebration proper commenced Monday, but to-day is the great day. Services were opened at nine o'clock, and included the "knee drill and massing of forces." This afternoon there will be a mammoth feast, and at 7:30 this evening there will be peculiar exercises entitled, "Heaven upon earth," at Central Music Hall. At eleven o'clock the cymbal will sound for an "all night prayer" as preparatory to the "official council of war" which opens to-mor-

## Floods in the South.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 31 .- Reports from Georgia say that the greatest freshet ever known has been caused by the recent heavy rains. No trains are moving and the damages to private and railroad property will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. West Point, Ga., is flooded, and the heavy iron railroad Oridge swept away. The water is six feet deep in the streets of Rome. There has been a rise of twenty feet in the Chattahoochie river, and a number of small towns are threatened. There is great distress among the poor.

Confirmation of Judge Merrick.

WASHINGTON, March 31 .- More than an hour was spent by the Senate yesterday afternoon in the confirmation of W. M. Merrick to be Judge of the United States Court for this district. The nomination was reported from the committee on judiciary with adverse recommendation. The party lines were not drawn, however, one or two Democratic members of the committee voting with the majority, and at least one Republican voting with the minority and for confirmation. The contest in the executive session was confined almost exclusively to members of the judiciary committee and at times the debate grew very earnest

PLAIN WRITING.

An Amusing Incident Showing the Wickedness of Illegible Chirography.

The importance of writing a plain and legible hand is nowhere better understood than among the men who spend their days and nights in newspaper and reached the bright sunlight of publicity in cold type might be enumerated by legions, but we believe there have been very few occasions when illegible penmanship has had the effect of setting posed to be in the bed of the Tiber. an entire community by the ears, precipitating heated discussion and fomenting internecine strife and local discord. interesting account of a Philadelphia paper may be believed. A little over twelve years ago the en-

boro suddenly became alive to the fact | fifteen years there will be only enough that nothing would so greatly contribute | natives left to make curiosities. Liquor to the material welfare of the village and leprosy are killing them off. and start it irresistibly on the broad highway to metropolitan position bridge across the quiet a little stream that crept past the outskirts of the corporation. from double-leaded editorials and com- \$50,000. munications by "Taxpayer," "Constant Reader" and "Veritas" in the local paper to the dignity of a political issue. The building of the bridge across the Pennypack formed the key-note, so to speak, of one of the most exciting and heated campaigns ever enjoyed by the citizens of the county. The election was closely fought, and the party which favored "public improvements" won the day. The law provided that viewers should be appointed to look into the subject and report their conclusions to the grand jury for final decision. The board of viewers was appointed by the newly elected officials, and as a matter of course they unanimously recommended to the grand jury the immediate construction of the bridge.

Just at this point the matter seems to have been dropped, but for what reason the chronicle does not relate. Perhaps it was discovered that the county treasury was in a condition that would not warrant so heavy a draft upon it, or perhaps some more absorbing question arose, in the discussion of which the enterprising citimay be that the metropolitan aspirations of Hatboro encountered a chilling frost, under the influence of which the bridge across the Pennypack drifted into forgetfulness. Be this as it may, the great improvement over which the famous victory was so gallantly won was never consummated.

records of the county were tumbled over in search of the grand jury's indorsement. It was finally fished up and eagerly scanned to see what it was. And here is where the real trouble began.

A local attorney chanced to have been a member of the grand jury, and to him was delegated the duty of putting the report in writing. With laudable pro-Chinese, after the lapse of a dozen years, even to the lawyer himself. The faction which favors the bridge profess to be able to read the last sentence of the report. The opposing faction claim that it is as plain as print to them, too, but the two translations do not agree in the most essential particular. Whether the grand jury meant to say: "The grand inquest now concur in the within report," or "non-concur," no impartial tribunal is able to decide. The old fight is, therefore, on once more, and with redoubled bitterness. The double-leaded editorials with no uncertain sound have reopened in the local paper, and "Taxpayer," "Constant Reader" and "Verall the vigor of their perennial youth. The quiet serenity of Hatboro is again disturbed by the clamor of the warring forces of the bridge and anti-bridge parties, and the only thing the peopl are unanimous in is the conviction that a man who can't write so that he can at least read his own production should

Meanwhile, that great artery of commerce, the Pennypack, goes unspanned to the sea .- Detroit Tribune.

buy a type-writer at once.

AN ANT TRAP.

A Simple Mexican Method For the De struction of Ant Colonies.

An automatic combination self-adjusting ant trap and intoxicating machine has been in use for years in New Mexico and Arizona, which is worthy of careful civilized attention. The chief blessing of that arid section is held to be mescal, a fiery liquor distilled from a species of eactus, and the principal curse is an immense black ant that cousiders himself proprietor of any premises to which his nest may belong. It is said that the natives could not live without either the mescal or the ants, for while it is only mescal that can make a Mexican's life endurable with the ants, it is only the ants that can wake a Mexican from the profound coma into which the mescal plunges him.

The ancient Mexican method of trying to get rid of an ant's nest was to fill up the main hatch with fine gunpowder and touch it off, keep a fire boiling over it night and day for a week, or drown it out with boiling lye. The only result was that the ants would stay down cellar until the trouble was over, and then cheerfully repair the damage done to their dwelling, and "lay for" the Mexican in silent wetches of the night with a vigor and alacrity that were truly

One day a desperate Mexican poured a quart of mescal down his throat and buried the bottle in the center of the principal ant's nest in his yard, with the intention of filling it with burnpowder and blowing both himself and his enemies out of the Territory. Having buried the bottle to its neck, and went to the trader's to get powder. When he returned, he found that the bottle was filled with ants, whom curiosity had prompted out, were indulging in a rough and tumble free fight that did the Mexican's heart no end of good. Another bottle was quickly procured and filled, and by sunset the Mexican found himself proprietor of seven quarts of ants in various stages of mutilation and wrath. To shake these ir. a bonfire was easy, and

thus in a day the colony was broken up forever. The writer has seen two pounds of rifle powder rammed into an ant's nest and prove ineffective in its destruction, while by the bottle system the work was thoroughly accomplished in less than a week by the capture of the last ant in the community. - Scientific American.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-Gold has been discovered in the south of France

-French temperance people have not total abstinence. They advise the restriction of drinking to meal times. -The Paris Patrie, which calls the

-Efforts are still being made to discover the golden candlestick of Solomon's Temple which Titus carried to Rome in triumph, and which is sup--The discovery has recently been

even wild boars are not free from Yet such a case has occurred in Penn- trichinæ. It is the first case of the kind sylvania, if the apparently veracious and officially verified, and steps are being taken at once to extend the inspection. -Dr. C. L. Fitch, who has been for five years in charge of Kakaako Leper terprising residents of the town of Hat- Hospital, in Honolulu, thinks that in

-Germany gets the services of her Iron Chancellor remarkably cheap. Besides the use of his official residence he receives only about \$18,000 a year. Mr. densed milk, a nightcap, and an assort-Gladstone's salary is \$25,000, and that ment of baby linen. Intending smug-The matter grew in successive stages of the British Lord High Chancellor

> -When a fair maid was wed by passed unopened. -Detroit Tribune. Colonel Gough, of the Hussars, in London the other day his deep-voiced, hearty "I will." made the bride jump so noticeably that everybody smiled. He was a man of Mars who talked in tones of thunder.

Among the recent discoveries at Athens is a fragment of sculptured marble, found on the Acropolis between the Parthenon and the temple of the Nike, showing the bust of a man clad in a chlamys. The style is said to resemble that of the personages in the Panathenseic procession.

-The Paris pound is quite a menagerie. During the past year there were sent to it the following stray animals, viz: 5,060 dogs, 1,732 horses (1,618 still harnessed to vehicles), 123 fowls, 44 rabbits, 25 sheep and goats, 6 oxen, 2 squirrels, 1 pig, 1 donkey and 1 monkey.

-Alongside the main Mersey tunnel a smaller one, seven feet in diameter, is carried. This exists solely for the sake of ventilating the larger one, and out of zens lost sight of the bridge issue. It | it the air is sucked by exhaust fans with such force that it is said the whole body of the atmosphere is changed every seven minutes.

-It seems strange to read that "a celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of James Watt, But after a quiet slumber of twelve | the great engineer, while the day passed

-Hu Hsueh-yen, the ex-millionaire was originally a clerk, but acquired died poor. A Chinese paper says the losses sustained by Hu in his celebrated silk speculation were simply fabulous. fessional zeal he succeeded in producing and there were probably few merchants a scrawl that is not nearly as legible as | in the whole of China who ever owned as much as was then sacrificed.

> ---CROSSING THE LINES. Discomforts of Passengers En Route from

> Canada to the States. "Ladies and gentlemen will please claim their baggage in the baggage-

As the express train rolls into Windsor daily over the Great Western road a voice of fog-whistle proportions. A to make this announcement twice and then slam the door on leaving the car ordeal of passing customs.

the river, headed for Detroit. Then the shook the mountain, throwing like a

and the "fun" begins. While the ferry is crossing the river | terror of the scene there was an element passengers who have baggage in the of great beauty. The rich and varied shape of trunks or large packages step coloring that everywhere prevailed was into the baggage car and take their turn | wonderful, from the purest white up at exposing their effects. This is about through all the shades of vellow and rich the time when the passenger who has orange to deepest reds, the deposits of his baggage checked through in bond salts and sulphur, and iron and chemical sits back in his seat in the passenger car | matters .- Chicago Interior. and views his fellow-travelers with commiseration. First comes a young lady who has two Saratogas. She gives up her key to the custom-house officer's assistant, who unlocks both trunks and turns up the inner lids. Then the custom-house officer puts his hand to the bottom of each trunk and deliberately turns the contents over into a confused heap. The young lady blushes violently as various articles of wearing apparel top. The lids are slammed down, locks turned and the peculiar hieroglyphic of the customs department imprinted on

each with a piece of white chalk. Next comes an old woman, who insists on opening her trunk herself, and will not let her bunch of keys out of her possession. Her trunk is a small affair. When the object of the proceeding is explained to her she is about to take the officer of the law into her confidence, and relate to him the history of each article in the trunk, from a bedthe customs officer with combined flattery and sudden intimacy of acquaintance. He gets the minion of the law into a corner of the baggage car and tells him that those trunks contain nothing dutiable and that it would mar a blissful honeymoon if they were opened. —A hallowed tradition assigns this as Of course the argument fails and the the woman who is full of needles is young man is obliged to return to the brought out from its pigeon-hole. The passenger car and secure the keys from New York Tribune says: It used to be his bride. He comes back looking very a little girl, but she has grown to be a wrathful and as the customs officer pro- woman. She sheds several dozen

swears for the first time since marriage.

When nearly all the trunks in the car have been examined a commercial traveler comes bustling in. He has been across the river before, and understands yet reached the point of recommending | the whole business. He accosts the customs officer with a friendly air, and goes straight over to where his trunk is ying with the rest. He puts both hands offices. The numerous soul-harrowing month of January, 1886, "the red into his pockets at once. The right blunders that have escaped the eyes of month," shows that on every day of hand pulls out the key of the trunk and editors, compositors and proof-readers January there was a murder or an atunlock his trunk, and while finding the lock the cigar, by some mysterious process, changes ownership, and finds itself in the customs officer's vest pocket. Just then the white chalk descends with a rapid motion and the traveler puts his key back in his pocket with an air of made at Oranienburg, Germany, that nonchalance only gained by long prac-

> While these scenes are being enacted in the baggage car another officer is making an inspection of satchels and hand-baggage in the passenger car. This ordeal is less tiresome than the other to the passengers. Fven the most perfunctory officer gets tired of looking at a mixture of small toilet articles, perhaps a book or two and a change of linen. They turn away with a tired air when a satchel is opened containing a few apples, a bottle of conglers are more or less easily recognized, and a good many small effects are

> > MT. VESUVIUS.

Its Appearance Immediately After a Slight Eruption. A bold traveler who had the temerity

to ascend Vesuvius just after slight eruptions, and while it was still in a state of ferment, thus describes its ap-"Not a speck of green, not a bird,

not an insect; no life-only fields on out the true cause, and as long as that fields of lava and scoriæ and ashes. The silence from time to time was broken, but it was only by the low mutterings and growlings of the mountain that always heralded an upheaval of lava and debris. Again we bent our steps upward, going zigzag among scoriæ and lava, passing various little extinct craters, until we came to where the mountain was hot and where white sul-Here another halt was called, and the guide went off to explore. He soon returned and bade us follow. We could not go higher at this point for smoke and falling stones, and so he struck convivial gathering" was held at the across the mountain in the Naples town of Winterthur, in Switzerland, to direction. We soon saw where we were-at the fountain-head of two streams of burning lava. These we must cross before we could make a furyears there has arisen a new demand for | without any particular notice of the ther ascent. The guide stepped very that bridge, and recently the musty event in Greenock, Scotland, where he cautiously on the black, cooling crusts of lava, and we followed. We were surrounded at times by sulphurous and banker of Hongkow, is dead. He smoke. Our feet felt blistered in our boots. The lava creaked and cracked, great wealth in the tea trade, which he but we passed lightly on. A little dog subsequently lost in speculation, and had followed us from the hotel; its piteous cries attracted us. The poor creature was having its feet sorely burned, so we took it up and carried it. But now we were safely over, and could examine more closely the phenomena. We approached as near the stream of burning lava as its scorching heat permitted. We saw it issuing from what looked like huge, black, cast-iron cylinders. These were formed of the outer rim of lava that had gradually cooled somewhat and hardened. The burning mass moved constantly. It seemed to pulsate and throb in its flowing-to be erked out of the cylinders. As it advanced down the mountain it grew in width and height, because always coolrequest in words similar to the above is ing, and became less liquid, until it endgently broached to the passengers in a ed in the great piles that we first saw. I think the worst and most dangerous blue-coated individual generally walks part of the whole ascent had now to be tas" have taken their pens in hand with through the car and announces that lar conc of loose ashes. At every step Uncle Sam's agent is waiting in the | we sank to the knees, so our progress baggage car to pass personal effects was exceedingly slow. Right below us through the customs. The usual plan is were the burning streams of lava, into which it seemed we were bound to slide. Above us was the crater, whose thunderings we could hear, and whose tremwith a noise that cuts short the dreams blings at times we thought we felt. of drowsy passengers and sets all the Breathless and exhausted, we frequently babies crying. This has the effect of lay down among the ashes. But at last putting every one in good humor for the | we gained the summit, and all our exertions were rewarded. Such a sight! The When the train slows up at the Wind- crater of Vesuvius! A perfect hell of sulsor depot fifteen or twenty minutes are | phur, fire and smoke, cinders and ashes, consumed in detaching the cars and and red-hot stones; its flooring of hardtransferring them to the ferry. There is a succession of violent jerks and and yawning chasms emitting stifling miniature collisions, which still further vapors, while in the midst of it all rose rouse the passengers from any lingering the last-formed central cone of smoking inclination to lapse into somnolence debris, belching forth clouds of sulphurand increase their good spirits. The ous vapor, and at intervals, with loud ferry then slowly pushes its way through | thunderings, and with an effort that curtain is wrung up in the baggage-car mighty fire fountain showers of rock and scoriæ high into the air. Amid the

SALISBURY STEAK.

A Not Unpalatable Dish Which Contains All the Strength of the Beef. The Salisbury steak is made by taking the best slices of the "round" on the beef, and chopping it with dull knives. The object is not to cut, but rather pound the meat. By thus treating it, which were carefully stowed away at the pulp comes to the top, and the the bottom of the trunk now appear on tough, fibrous portion remains below. This pulp is scraped off and made into cakes, like sausage cakes, or into the shape like a good-sized steak, and gently broiled on a gridiron. It has been found that meat gently cooked is more digestible than raw. The fire must be good, so that the meat may be rapidly broiled, that is, be cooked on the out-

side and almost raw inside. A little salt and pepper and a small amount of butter added make a not at all unpalatable dish, and one which contains all the strength of the beef, with quilt to a pair of new slippers for her the tough, indigestible portion entirely grand-daughter, but the callous officer separated. This diet is used exclusively has chalked her trunk and left her be- in chronic cases by physicians professfore she has uttered ten words. There ing to treat according to the Salisbury is a newly-married couple on the train, method. They use but few drugs, and and they have three large trunks. The what they use are mainly tonics. The bride remains in the passenger car diet is used not only in diseased digeswhile her husband undertakes to mollify tion, but diseases of liver, kidney, stomach, bowels, nerves, etc., and remarkable results are said to have been obtained.—N. Y. Medical Times.

ceeds to make a minute examination of needles every year, but appears to keep all three trunks the young husband a few for seed as it were.

PITH AND POINT,

-An Irishman wrote home to his friends over the briny that in this blessed land everybody is so honest a reward has to be offered for thieves.

-A fashion item says sealskin sacques are rapidly growing out of fashion. We suspect by next fourth of July not a sealskin sacque will be seen on the street.-Norristown Herald.

-"What makes you love me?" asked young mother of her little daughter. "I don't know, mamma," was the reply, but fink it is because I have known you so long."-Troy Times. -Men may boast of the fragrance of

the genuine Havana cigar, but right

here in San Antonio, ave in our sanctum, we can find a match for the finest cigar ever made-and smoke it, too, with the greatest of pleasure. - Texas Figaro. -A great many people take off their religion with their Sunday clothes and hang it up in the closet so it will be fresh next Sunday. It is a wise thing to do, for that kind of religion couldn't stand the racket of every-day tempta-

tion.—Chicago Ledger. -"We go to press at two instead of four to-day," said a Tennessee paper, "in order to attend to some business of importance in the country." At precisely five minutes of four two hightoned-looking gentlemen with shot-guns called, and wanted to know where the editor was.

-A farmer writing to a friend, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine, thus unbosomed himself: "Respected sir, I went to the fair at Monson. I found several pigs of our species. There was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

-In a Nutshell.-"What's the reason there are so many divorces nowadays,' asked Mrs. Yerger, who was reading the morning paper. "I have studied the subject thoroughly from every possi-ble standpoint, and I think I can point cause lasts there will be divorces," plied Colonel Yerger. "What is that cause?" "Matrimony."-Texas Sift

—A married man says a looking-glass affords a woman a marvelous amount of comfort and gratification. He says his wife thinks just as much of consulting the looking-glass when she ties on her apron as when she ties on her bonnet. When there is a knock at the door he goes there at once, but his wife, on phurous smoke was rising all about. the contrary, ejaculates-"Mercy, Joseph! who's that?" and dashes for the looking-glass the first thing .- N. Y. Telegram.

-Bobby was awake when his mother returned home for the theater at midnight. "Did you say your prayers to nurse, Bobby," she asked, "before you went to bed?" "No," he said, sleepily, "I forgot it." "Well, you had better cone and say them to me now.' "What!" said Bobby, in drowsy astonishment, "does God stay up all night?

THEY MET AGAIN.

A Love Story Whose Truthfulness in

Readily Perceivable. They stood together under the waving branches of a mighty elm on the banks of a singing brook one fair, sweet night in June. A calm and holy joy was in her fair young face-the joy that comes to a maiden loving and beloved. She looked up into his handsome face with such a proud, tender, trustful look. Her hand rested confiding in his; soft and low were the words she spoke-words

no ear but his should hear. And he! Ah me, and ah me! Would that I could give to the face and the heart of every young man the calm, sweet, holy joy that face portrayed, that heart reveled in. He lived and loved. Life seemed like a summer sea before him. Ah me, and ah me! That ever storm should come, that ever rude blasts should assail, that ever hearts should break! Well, well, and again, I say, well, well! Lives and loves end every day, lives and loves like these. Lovers part to meet no more; hearts break and are forever sad.

She spoke: "Adelbert," she sighed, her voice like the far away tinkling of evening bells, "and must this be? Must we, O, Adelbert, must we be torn apart? O, Adel-

bert, me poor heart will break!" "Courage, my sweet one, courage," he said, with trembling voice and quivering lips, "it shall not be for long. I humble it may be, for me beautiful bride. Have courage, me life. We shall meet again."

"Yes, yes, yes," she cried, quickly and passionately, "we shall meet again. Adelbert, if it were not for that blessed assurance I should die, I should Heaven be praised, we shall meet

One passionate, thrilling, joyous, manly, burning kiss on her white lips and he was gone, leaving her in a vain. So Maud was told she might swoon on the banks of the murmuring have him now for her own, and how stream under the tender light of the pitying stars. He was gone!

And he didn't come back. Various policemen, justices of the peace and county judges know why. The "golden West' seemed one or a dozen too many for him. A man who met him in Leadville ten years later said he was the toughest-looking old pill he ever saw in all the born days of his life. He had lived in six different mining camps and deserted wives were too glad to get rid of him to make any fuss over his bigamistic irregularities. He was free to go back to his first love now if he in with a purr and a mew, and his tail would. After fifteen years he thought straight up in the air. he would.

And she? Had she been faithful? Had her heart broken? Was she lying under the daisies on the banks of that stream where first she told her love? Ah, me! We shall see!

A woman, a great big woman, bending over a wash-tub in a little back yard in an alley running between the streets of an Eastern city. She is doing out "a bit of washing" for her nine small children, while the husband basks on his back in the sunshine by her side. He is smoking; so is she. Four dogs lie at her feet. The nine children are "raising Cain" in the front of the house, but she heeds them not. A man is coming through the alley with a twowheeled, shaky and uncertain cart and | Folks. He is cry-

"Bot-tels. bot-tels, bot-tels! R-a-a-gs, r-a-a-gs and bot-tels to buy! Bot-tels, The woman hies quickly away to a

barrel in a corner of the yard and fills her apron with empty bottles. "Here you!" she shrieks. "Here's-" She stops and looks at the man. He looks at her. There is recognition in both their faces. Heart pictures and memories are never effaced

"Well, I'll be derned," said he. "So'll I." said she. They had met apain .- Detroit Free

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

WHO KILLED THE BIRD? Who killed the Chippie? See where it lies,
The light gone out
Of its bright quick eyes;
This tiny creature, so soft and brown,
Here on the dead leaves fallen down.

But an hour ago It felt the sun, Yet now is its happy Living done—
Born in a nest and made to be,
Not soarer, nor singer, yet blithe and free.

No human eye,
Perchance, may miss —
From numberless flocks
A mite like this; Yet with it something has gone which had In its way made bough and sunshine glad Who killed the Chippie?
I think I know;
This way from school
The children go.
And I saw a boy with a pebble sling,
And now I find this poor dead thing.

He liked perhaps
To prove his skill,
Nor thought how dreadful
It is to kill:
And though he aimed at it after all,
Was sad at heart when he saw it fall.

I am almost sure If he heard me say, "Who was it killed A bird to day?"

He would wish the cruel deed undone,
And blush to own himself the one.

HOW TOM FOUND A HOME. Stroy in Words of One Syllable, for Very

Young Readers. "Oh, do look here, Maud," said Aunt Kate, "here is such a nice big cat come to our house, and cook tells me he comes now each day, and she thinks ing slow or stupid, but we all can help he has not got a home."

Maud was just nine years of age, and was fond of cats, and dogs, and birds, and dolls.

When she heard her aunt call her, she ran out at once, and there she found her aunt, who stood at the hall door, and on the top of the steps was the cat of which she spoke.

He was a fine large one, with a smooth coat in stripes of black and gray, but his paws were white, and he ad a brown nose.

"Oh, you dear cat!", said Maud, and she bent down to stroke him. Puss gave a mew, and then a purr; for, of course, he was glad that Maud was kind to him. "Aunt Kate, do let me keep this cat,

and have him all for my own," she said. "We must see first," said Aunt Kate, 'if we can find out where his own home is, for those who have lost him may want him back. But you may go and fetch him some milk."

Maud ran off, and soon came back with the milk, and gave it to the cat. He drank it all up, and then said better known living in the open seame some more."

Yes, he may have some more, as I he seems to want it so much," said must not let him starve." When he had done his milk, Maud

him to a small room where she kept her dolls and the toys she had to play "Now." said Aunt Kate, "I want to write and read, and have lots of things to do. You must play with this nice

to him, and think of some nice name we can call him by whilst he is with us;" and Aunt Kate went off and left Maud with puss. "Puss, puss! what shall we do?" said Maud. "You go and look round the room and see if you think this will

be a nice home for you, and I will get one of my books and see what kind of name I can choose for you." "Puss must be a good cat," thought Maud, for he did at once what she told him; went for a walk round the room, smelt all the chairs, had a look at a doll, which, poor thing, had had a fall on to the floor and hurt its head, and

then he came and sat down in front of the fire to wash. "Now, puss, would you like us to Moll!" but puss paid no heed. "Well, then, do you like Fluff?" But still puss did not turn his head. Such lots of names Maud thought of, but puss

did not seem to like them. Soon Aunt Kate came back. "Oh! aunt," said Maud, "do help me to find a name that puss will like. He will not have Fluff, or Fritz, or Moll, or go to the golden West to make a home, Kit, and lots more that I have thought

of and told him." "Come, then, I'll try what I can do," said Aunt Kate. "Tom, Tom!" and as soon as she spoke this name, back went his ears, and "Mew!" said he. "There, now, that is his true name, Maud; he knew it at once." And so from that time puss was

known by the name of Tom. Aunt Kate did all she could to find out where he came from, but all in glad she was; and how kind she made up her mind she would be to him. Now Tom grew up to be such a wise

cat. I will just tell you one thing he learnt to do. One night, quite late, Maud had gone to bed, and Aunt Kate took a book and sat down by the fire to read. The room she was in was close to the hall door. Soon she heard a knock at the door, but she did not pay much heed to it at first; but when she heard it had married in each of them. The six twice she did think she must go and see who it could be, for both her maids were gone to bed. And who do you think it was? Why, Tom, who came

hall door was half glass, and low

let it fall, so as to make it knock. And the strange thing is, that when he found he was let in this time, he did the factory magnates. After some it now and then when it was celd or conversation there was a little whiswet out of doors, and Maud soon knew Tom's knock, and would run to let

him in. Tom, then, is a great pet, and Maud, who is now grown up, and has a home of he own, hopes Tom will live for lots more years to come.-Little

A GOOD START.

Aunt Marjorie Precept" Gives a Bit o Good Advice to Boys and Girls.

I heard a certain lad-I will not mention names just now-ask the maid one evening, not long ago, to be sure to call him when she should rise in the morning. "I have work to do," he said, "and I must be up an hour earlier than usual." Let me whisper here that sometimes a good start for the day fore. For example it is a much better leans.

thing to finish all the school-worklessons, themes, exercises—before going to bed, than to leave it to the chance of rising an hour earlier than the accustomed time. It makes, you see, the difference between a certainty

and an accident In the case of my young friend the good start he had counted upon was lost by the fact that the maid torgot his request, and never thought of it until she rang the bell to awaken the rest of the family. Many another boy loses his good start by not getting up

when he is called. I think if young people knew how much needless trouble they give their elders by just this one vexatious habit of going to sleep again after they have been called in the morning, they would turn over a new leaf.

When I have ordered breakfast at an hour much earlier than suits my own convenience, that Mollie and Marty may eat it in comfort, and have plenty of time to set out for school, I am not in the most cheerful of moods if I am obliged at least half a dozen times in the course of an hour to call "Mollie! Marty!" the call making no impression. It is hardly fair -is itp-that if they do not care for making a good start in the day for themselves, they should spoil mine for me.

One thought leads to another. Children, believe me that no day is started well if it begins with cross looks and fretful words. There is a homely proverb about having the black dog on your shoulder, which means simply that you are hateful and horrid and disagreeable. Let us be careful never to be horrid on purpose. Perhaps we can not help bebeing peevish and perverse.

In starting out in a new study-Latin or algebra or botany-the rate of your progress will depend greatly upon the thoroughness of your beginning. You would call that man a foolish builder who forgot to look after his foundations, and I am sure it is quite as absurd to build badly in a new study. Get a good start, boys. You will then go on without failing in the end .-Harper's Young People.

THE SHARK.

Valuable Information Concerning the Habits of Various Species.

The various species of sharks and

their allied kindred the rays, skates and sturgeon were discussed by Prof. Bickmore in his closing lecture in fishes. "Of the cold-blooded vertebrates living in water." he said. "the lancelot, a small rare fish, has neither a distinct brain or heart. The sharks show a development of brain higher than in any other fish and its approach in some species to that of man. There are several hundred species of them, those "Mew!" which meant: "Please give They will follow a wreck, a steamer or sailing vessel for thousands of miles, often lingering about it for months to secure any thing to eat that may be Aunt Kate. "He is a fine cat, and we thrown overboard by the cook, or on hand to welcome an unfortunate sailor, if he chances to slip into the sea. Some took him up in her arms and brought of the sharks as shown by the fossil teeth, must have been in the early ages as large as the whales. I have seen one thirty-four feet in length that was captured on the New England coast a few years ago, and it is reported that in the southern seas they are still

old cat, snow him your dolls, be good to be found sixty feet in length. Illustrations on the screen were given by Mr. Bickmore, showing many of the varied forms of the shark. The mackerel shark which feeds largely on mackerel has a double row of teeth, one row of which points inward and assists in retaining its prey that has once been seized. These teeth may be often broken but a peculiar feature of them is that when thus deprived of a tooth a new one grows out in the vacant place. In the man-eating shark the teeth are separated. This shark grows to a great size but is compartively rare. Its skin is extremely rough and in former years was often used for the purposes of sand paper by mechanics. One kind of shark has a row of pointed teeth and a series of call you Moll?" said Maud. "Moll, flat boney plates like paving stones on which they can grind up into a paste as in a mill, all sorts of shell or bone fishes, before swallowing them. Attending the several species of the shark, said Mr. Bickmore, may be always found two smaller fish. One of these is called the pilot fish by sailors from their belief that he directs the shark to his food. The pilot fish is about fifteen inches long and generally swims a few feet below the shark and when it sees a piece of food first swims forward to inspect it and then returns to the shark as if to report. Another smaller fish called the sucker fish attaches itself to a portion of the under portion of the shark and is towed by it, what its use may be is not known. Some species of sharks hunt in packs like hounds and their nasal organs are peculiarly formed to extract from the water any taint by which they can follow up the scent of their prey. The thresher shark lashes the water with a tail as long as its body, frightening the fish and driving them into a mass. It then rushes into the school and secures what it wants. The sharks lay but a few eggs .- N. Y. Tribune.

NOT WANTED.

The Reporter Was Smart, But Was Com-

pelled to Vacate His Seat. Dr. Buckley says that this story was told him by Mr. Curtis Guild, of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, In conversing about the power of the press, he told a story too good to be kept. A number of years ago the manufact-Now, I must tell you Aunt Kate's urers of a large city, not very far from Boston, undertook to hold a meeting down, where it was wood, there was a to which all manufacturers, but manuround brass ring, with which one had to knock. And Tom had stood on his er some matter of commercial interest er some matter of commercial interest. hind legs, and with one of his paws took hold of the brass ring and then to get all the facts he could about what to get all the facts he could about what was done or proposed at the meeting. the factory magnates. After some pering, and the chairman said: "Is the gentleman near the door a manufacturer?"

"I am," said the reporter, with dig-The proceedings continued for a short time, when the chairman said:

"Will the gentleman near the door kindly inform the meeting what he manufactures?" To this the reporter answered, with even greater dignity than before: "I

am a manufacturer of public opinion."

"Ah," said the chairman, "excuse me -you are the only kind of a manufacturer not wanted here to-day."
It was Greek meeting Greek, so far as wit was concerned, but the manufacturer had the' inside track, and the re-

porter withdrew .- Christian Union. -There are 250,000 Creoles in Louis is gained by beginning the night be- iana, principally residents of New Or-